

X Seeing is Believing:

A
D R A M A T I C P R O V E R B

O F
O N E A C T,

AS PERFORMED AT

The Theatre Royal in the HAYMARKET.

WRITTEN

By the Author of WIDOW AND NO WIDOW.

Vide quid agas. T E R E N.

L O N D O N:

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Seeing is Believing:

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1847

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE DEDICATED

TO GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

PROPRIETOR OF THE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN THE

Haymarket,

AS A TESTIMONY

OF THE REGARD AND ESTEEM

OF

The A U T H O R.

A 2

PRE.

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE

TO GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

PROSECUTOR OF THE

THEATRE ROYAL

Haymarket

AS A TESTIMONY

OF THE REGARD AND ESTEEM

OF

THE A. O. T. H. O. R.

PRINTED

P R E F A C E.

THIS little piece has been acted for three seasons with great success. It was got up with so much truth and attention, that, indeed, it demanded it. This is so common a circumstance at the theatre royal in the Haymarket, that it might almost escape observation: it is mentioned therefore here, as the author does not think himself intitled to any share of the praise, and presents the copy now to a perusal in the closet with no other design than to add still farther to the credit of the performers.—

When it is seen, from so small a trifle how much is made by the powers of acting, while it enhances the value of that most pleasing art, it must extort additional applause from an audience for their entertainment. In the representation of SEEING IS BELIEVING, the author acknowledges that all the performers exceeded his ideas; and, if he can claim any regard from the public, it must be from having afforded Mr. Parsons and Mr. Bannister an opportunity of displaying such uncommon talents in that very difficult branch of their profession, Dramatic Caricature,

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Credule, —

Mr. PARSONS.

Capt. Nightshade,

Mr. R. PALMER.

Sceptic, —

Mr. BADDELEY.

Simon, —

Mr. BANNISTER, jun.

Porter, —

Mr. PAINTER.

W O M E N.

Miss Di, —

Miss BURNETT.

Kitty, —

Mrs. CUYLER.

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

SCENE I.

(*A Room in Sir Credule's House.*)

Sir Credule *discovered asleep on a sofa, his Daughter and Kitty sitting by him.*

Kitty.

WELL, Miss Di, now your papa snores in double bass, lay aside your book, and let us have a little serious conversation on business.

Miss Di.

Heyho !

Kitty.

Never mind sighing, for time is precious. You love Captain Nightshade, and your papa won't hear of the match : what do you intend to do ?

Di.

Submit, to be sure ; for the captain has nothing but his commission ; and, if I marry without my father's consent, I forfeit my uncle's legacy.

Kitty.

Why don't you, then, as I have advised you, get his consent, some how or other, by stratagem ? — Surely some of his whims and fancies might furnish us with means of outwitting him. Simon is your friend, you know, and has an excellent head at invention ; you see how he deceives his master, every day, to get some trifle or other. A tolerable inn on the Bath road, or a genteel bagnio in the Garden, is mine and Simon's ambition, and you could not refuse us such a trifle.

Di.

Di.

That I could not; and, as for the captain, he is as generous as a prince. He would marry me without a guinea, and forfeit my fortune; but I can't think of making the man I love a beggar.

Kitty.

Better than make him hang himself; for I am sure he is driven to desperation. But here's Simon.

Enter Simon, with a number of bottles of physick and papers of powder in a basket.

Simon.

Is he fast asleep?

Kitty.

As sound as a top.

Simon.

Confound these damned medicines! one might as well serve a mountebank as my master. If I have not been to half the booksellers in St. Paul's Church-yard and Cheapside, in search of elixirs, balsams, and juleps, till I can scarcely drag one leg after the other. I hope to God this tax on quacks and their specifics will send them all to the college for licences, and then my master won't take a drop of them.

Di.

Well, but, Simon, did you take my letter to the captain?

Simon.

Yes, miss; and he is coming to give you his answer in person.

Kitty.

Let him come in then.

Simon.

Not for the world. Jealousy never sleeps sound,

Di.

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Di.

What shall I do? for I must not stir out of the room. If my father wakes, and finds me gone, we shall never hear the last of it.

Kitty.

My advice is to see him now you have it your power.

Simon.

Suppose my master should wake?

Kitty.

He never sleeps less than an hour after dinner; — and I say now is the time to consult with the captain how to obtain his consent by artifice, since fair means won't do.

Simon.

I have done more difficult things in my life-time.

Kitty.

His fear of dying, and the apprehensions which the slightest illness occasions, make him credulous and superstitious. That's his weak side, and there we must direct our attack. Cold weather braces up his humours; hot weather excites his bile; a fly, buzzing about his ears, throws him into fits; and water, that has not been boiled, gives him the colic. Can't you, therefore, make him believe, that his age, his ill health, and every thing, conspire, and he ought to settle his daughter as soon as possible?

Simon.

Let me alone for ingenuity. But some one knocks.

Di.

'Tis the captain, I dare say.

Simon.

Shall I let him in? [Going to the door, and half opening it.]

Kitty.

Certainly,

B

Di.

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Di.

No, no. I'm terrified to death.

Captain Nightshade *at the door.*

Captain.

Pray let me come in.

Simon, [*holding the door half open.*]

You can't speak to Miss Di now. My master is in the room; you must not come in.

Captain.

Pray let me, Simon; here's my purse, any thing. [*Kitty makes signs to the Captain to come in, and is going to assist him against Simon; but Miss Di holds her, and makes contrary signs to Simon.*]

Simon.

'Tis impossible. My master is very strict, and won't suffer Miss Di to leave his room, even when he is asleep. Only look; if he were to find out—

Captain.

But Kitty beckons me, [*he pushes past Simon, and enters,*] and I will come in.

Simon.

For heaven's sake, make no noise, then.

Captain.

Never fear. [*Running up to Miss Di.*] Have I, then, at last, the happiness of seeing you?

Di.

Pray, captain, leave me; your imprudence will ruin all.

Captain.

Let me but speak one word.

[*Sir Credule makes signs of waking, which alarm them.*]

Simon.

Indeed, captain, you must not stop. [*Pulls the Capt.*]
Kitty, [*having looked at Sir C. and found that he snored.*]

Stay, captain, stay; — we are more lucky than wise. He snores most deliciously. Simon.

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

Simon.

So much the better. And now a thought strikes me.

All.

What is it? what is it? [*impatiently*]

Simon, [whispering in the middle of them.]

Softly. You know the window shutters fasten so closely, lest the old boy should catch cold, that, when they are shut, not the least light can enter.—

Captain.

What then?

Simon.

I'll shut them as close as possible, and make the room quite dark; so that, if he should wake suddenly, the captain may escape without being discovered, and, if he enquires for you, Miss Di, you will still be here.

Captain. } Admirable!

Di. } Excellent!

Kitty.

And, for my part, I don't mind being in the dark with Simon.

[*Simon and Kitty shut the windows, and the stage is darkened.*]

Captain.

Am I, then, to lose you, my dear girl? will nothing prevail on your father to consent to our union? Surely, if you pressed him, he could not have the cruelty to withstand your intreaties.

Di.

Captain, if you are come only to reproach me —

Kitty, [whispering.]

Are you mad? is this a time to dispute, when you ought to make the most of it?

Simon.

Hush, hush; whisper.

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Sir Credule, [waking.]

Ha, ha,

Kitty.

Hush,

Captain, [whispering.]

The devil take the old dog; I'm afraid he's waking.

Simon.

It will serve you right for making such a noise.

Sir Credule, [rubbing his eyes.]

I've had an excellent nap. Bless me! I've slept till 'tis dark.

Simon.

He thinks 'tis night.

Sir Credule.

I've had sleep enough, to be sure, if that will do. Simon! [*calling out.*]

Simon.

Sir.

Sir Credule.

What are you about there?

Simon.

Nothing, sir.

Sir Credule.

Nothing! why have not you lighted the candles?

Simon, [hesitating.]

The—the—the candles, sir?

Sir Credule.

Aye, to be sure.

Di, [to the Captain.]

Pray, captain, make your escape,

Sir Credule.

What's that you say?

Simon.

I say, sir, there is no occasion to light the candles.

Sir Credule.

No occasion!

Simon.

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Simon.
No, fir. 'Tis broad day-light.

Sir Credule.
Broad day-light!

Simon.
Why, you see it is; 'tis only five o'clock.

Sir Credule.
How! five o'clock? An't it night?

Simon.
Night, fir? why the sun is as bright as at noon-day.

Sir Credule.
You are laughing at me, you blockhead.

Simon.
Bless me, fir! I laughing? God forbid!

Sir Credule.
Come here, you blockhead.

Simon.
Here am I, fir.

Sir Credule.
Whereabouts?

Simon.
Before you, fir.

Sir Credule.
Before me!

Simon.
Yes, fir, and Kitty with me.

Sir Credule.
And where's Di?

Di.
Here, papa, at work as hard as a horse.

Sir Credule, [seeming vexed.]
But I don't see one of you.

Simon.
But we see you, fir, as plain as a pike-staff.

Kitty.
Why do you answer him, Simon? don't you see
my master is dreaming?
Sir

Sir Credule.

Not I, upon my soul; I never was more awake in my life. O the devil! the devil! sure I'm not struck blind all on a sudden!

[Here Simon makes signs to the others, and Sir Credule appears absorbed in sorrow. The clock strikes five, which he counts on his fingers, and seems then completely convinced that he is blind.]

Simon, [whispering.]

Blind.

Kitty.

Blind.

Captain, [seeming to understand them.]

Very well.

Simon.

For heaven's sake, Miss Di, help us out.

Di.

I'm terrified to death!

Captain.

Your silence will betray us.

Sir Credule.

Simon! Kitty! Di!

Simon.

Well, sir, are you in jest or in earnest?

Di.

Pray, papa, don't frighten us so: such jokes are too serious.

Sir Credule.

Jokes! I'm not joking, by the Lord Harry. What I say is as true as the Gospel. I see nothing.

Kitty.

Who could believe it? Only see how bright his eyes are.

Simon.

Not so bright neither; I think them very much inflamed. Come this way, Kitty, and look at that speck on the pupil. Don't you see it.

Kitty.

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Kitty.

No.

Simon.

Stoop, and you will see it better.

Kitty.

Oh! ay, now I see it plain enough. There are two specks. Only look, Miss Di.

Di.

'Tis true, indeed!

Simon.

I dare say 'tis owing to your being blooded yesterday. I was against it, you know, sir.

Sir Credule.

Being blooded, did you say?

Di.

Nothing is so bad for the eyes.

Sir Credule.

O zounds! zounds!

Kitty.

It sets the humours afloat, and, I dare say, has driven the gout into your eyes.

Sir Credule.

Oh! the damned gout!

Simon.

That so wise a man should bleed on the thirteenth!

Di.

And on a Friday, too!

Sir Credule.

O heavens!

Kitty.

In the dog-days!

Simon.

And yet, some how or other, I can't help thinking it may be owing to the bite of some insect.

Sir Credule, [rubbing his eyes.]

I think I feel a pricking in them now.

Simon.

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Simon.

But I hope the disease is not without a cure.

Sir Credule.

Fetch me an oculist immediately.

Simon.

Who would you employ, sir? the great German baron in Pall-mall, or the Chevalier Cataract?

Sir Credule.

Send for Dr. Machumbug, who lives next door. Your Scotch physicians know more of *visionary* diseases than the whole faculty besides. Run to him; make haste, Simon.

Simon.

You may want me in the mean time, sir. Kitty, do you go.—Shut all the windows in the bed-chamber, and don't suffer a soul to come in. [*Aside.*]

Kitty.

Now to find my way out. [*Aside.*]

[*Overturms a table, and exit.*]

Sir Credule.

What's the girl about? Zounds! I believe she is as blind as I am.

[*Enter a Porter at the other door.*]

Porter.

Bless me! how soon they go to bed here! — Is any body here! [*Calling out.*]

Sir Credule.

What's the matter there?

Porter.

A porter brought a letter.

Simon.

Put it down there, friend.

Porter.

Where? Shall I come any farther? I'm afraid of breaking my neck.

Simon.

Simon.

None of your reasons, but take yourself off.

Porter.

Lay hold of the letter, then.

Simon.

There, there — Where the deuce are you ! throw it on the ground. [*Aside.*]

Porter.

There, then.

Simon.

And now go to the devil. [*Exit Porter.*]

Sir Credule.

Hold, Simon ; why are you so angry with the man ?

Simon.

Angry, sir ! the fellow is quite drunk.

Sir Credule.

No wonder, then, he was afraid of breaking his neck. But open the letter, and read it to me.

Simon.

What's to be done now ?

Sir Credule.

Break the seal, and tell me where it comes from.

Simon.

I can't read the hand-writing, sir.

Sir Credule.

Then give it to Di. Di, read me the letter. — Where does it come from ?

Di.

Come from, papa ? from—from my aunt Whiff, sir.

Sir Credule.

And what does she say ?

Di.

Say, papa ? —

Sir Credule.

Well ! why don't you read ?

C

Simon.

Simon.

If you would follow my advice, you would defer reading the letter till the doctor has been here. — Mrs. Whiff is an odd sort of a woman; and any additional grief —. Indeed, sir, you had better let me lead you into the other room, and lie down on the bed.

Sir Credule.

By and by : but read the letter, Di.

Di, [to the Captain.]

Pray, captain, leave us.

Captain.

I don't know the way out, 'tis so damned dark,

Sir Credule.

Well, why don't Di begin?

Di, [pretending to read.]

My dear friend, Sir Credule, I was overturned last night coming from Ranelagh, and was carried into a house in Piccadilly, where I lie sick.

Sir Credule.

Poor woman !

Simon.

I said, sir, there would be bad news, so miss had best read no farther.

Sir Credule.

Hold your tongue !—Where is it dated from ?

Di.

Dated from ? Indeed, papa, I can't tell.

Simon.

Here 'tis, with the day of the month.

Di.

True, here 'tis; the 14th of July, Throgmorton-str.

Sir Credule.

Where ? It can't come from Throgmorton-street, if she lies sick in Piccadilly.

Di.

Di.

What, did not I say Piccadilly?

Sir Credule.

No; so mind what you are about, and begin again.

Simon.

O the devil!

Di.

My dear sir, I have written these few lines to tell you the dreadful pickle I'm in.—

Sir Credule.

How? a pickle! why that's not what you read just now. The old woman was not in pickle before.

Di.

Bless me! sir, if you are perpetually interrupting me, how should I read it?

Simon.

Besides, 'tis written so that one may read it twenty different ways.

Sir Credule.

Well, well, make it out some how.

Di.

I'm sick in Piccadilly:—so far is very plain; and then there is a long account of how it happen'd. — Indeed, papa, I can't read a word more. One had need of ten pair of spectacles, 'tis such a scrawl.

Simon.

And the ink is as white!

Sir Credule.

I understand her meaning, however. She is bruised with her fall, and can't come here this evening. Give me the letter.

Di.

I have not a morsel of paper in my pocket. [*To the Captain, aside.*]

Captain.

Here's a piece; I'll give it him. [*Takes paper out of his pocket, and puts it into Sir Credule's hand, who catches hold of his arm.*]

C 2

Sir

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Sir Credule, [getting up.]

[Feeling the paper.] Bless me! the old lady uses brown paper! — Come, now lead me to the bed-chamber. You totter, you rascal; walk steady,

Captain.

Zounds! Simon, he has got hold of me.

Simon.

The devil he has! Get away from him.

Captain.

He holds too fast.

Sir Credule.

Don't be afraid, Simon; I won't fall.

Simon, [answering on the other side for the Captain.]

I'll lead you safe, fir, you may depend on it.

Sir Credule.

That's a good fellow; and be sure, now, you have an eye to Di; don't suffer that captain to come near her.

Simon.

No, fir, no; he shan't come nearer than he is now, you may be assured.

Sir Credule.

That's right. *[The Captain runs against a chair.]*
Psha! you blockhead!

Simon.

No harm, fir; I have not hurt myself. Indeed, fir, I'll be as careful as if you had all your eyes about you. No red-coats shall come here.

Sir Credule.

That's an honest fellow! I'll reward you. Here, take my purse; I'll give you what is in it.

Simon, [quitting the Captain to feel for the purse.]

Ah! fir.

Sir Credule.

Take it; take it, I say. *[The Captain takes the purse, and returns it into the hand of Sir Credule, thinking to give it to Simon.]*

Simon,

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Simon, [feeling about.]

I serve you, fir, without hope of reward.

Sir Credule.

I dare say you do, but you shall take it.

Simon.

Damn it, how unfortunate! [*Aside.*] Indeed, fir, I can't take it; I can't, upon honour, fir.

Sir Credule.

The good creature! How can I doubt his attachment? I don't believe there is a more disinterested servant in all London.

[*He puts the purse into his pocket; and, having reached the door with the Captain, goes out. Simon runs against the wall.*]

Simon.

On any other occasion, fir, I would have taken it. [*Feels about.*]

Di.

I don't hear them now; they must be gone out. [*Feels about.*]

Simon.

Well, well, I shall have it some time or other.

Di, [meeting Simon.]

Oh! you are here. A fine dupe we have made of my father.

Simon.

Yes, miss; but—

Di.

Bless me! Simon!

Simon.

Yes, miss, 'tis I,

Di.

But where's the captain?

Simon.

Like a blockhead, he let the old fellow catch hold of him, and they are certainly gone into the bed-chamber.

Di.

Di.

Heavens ! what's to be done now ?

Simon.

'Twas not my fault, if ———

Di.

Yes, it is. I never knew any good ———

Simon.

I'd follow and answer, as before, but 'tis so dark.

Di.

I'll find the window, then. [*Opens the window.*]

Simon.

But, if my master should return ———

[*Re-enter Captain Nightshade.*]

Captain.

I've made my escape, however.

Di.

Thank heavens !

Captain.

Never was man in such a situation. At every step I thought I should have fallen over him ; but, as soon as we reached the bed, he ordered me to fetch a book, and read to him till the doctor comes.

Simon.

Worse and worse, by Jupiter !

Captain.

Get a book from the library, and take my place.

Simon.

That's easily said, sir ; but, if we had a difficulty to invent a sentence of a letter, I'm sure I shall never be able to read without book.

[*Enter Kitty, meeting Simon ; and exeunt Di and Capt.*]

Kitty.

Simon, my master is calling for you yonder like mad.

Sir Credule, [from without.]

Simon !

Simon.

Simon.

I hear him. Does he think I'm deaf?

Di, [to the Captain.]

I think he is coming. For heaven's sake, captain, go into that room. [*Exit Captain.*]

Simon.

Were ever people in such a scrape?

Kitty.

What's the matter?

Simon.

Pray, Kitty, can your cat's eyes read in the dark?

Kitty.

There is no occasion for it; I have opened the windows. Don't be alarmed; he is now more in our power than ever. I was in the bed-chamber when my master and the captain came in, so I pretended to be returned from the doctor with a bandage for his eyes, which I tied on after rubbing them with all the essence of peppermint, Maredant's drops, and elixirs, that stood on the chimney-piece.

Simon.

God save the king!

Di.

But is the bandage very thick?

Kitty.

I'll answer for it. Besides three pocket-handkerchiefs, there are two towels and a pillow-case, and over them a woollen night-cap which Simon sleeps in in cold weather. He is now sitting there like a muffled horse or a hood-winked hawk, and calling you to lead him about till the doctor comes.

Simon.

Here he is,

Di.

Where?

Simon.

Simon.

I'm he.

Kitty.

He'll know you by your voice.

Simon.

Not in the Scotch accent, like Dr. Machumbug.

Di.

But, if the bandage should get loose——

Kitty.

Never fear that. I have forbid him to touch it; and he is too anxious to recover not to obey.

Simon.

Then tell him the oculist is come, whilst I slip on an old laced coat, lest he should chance to feel and know me by my clothes. *[Exeunt.]*

[Scene changes to a room with a bed in it; discovers Sir Credule, with a bandage over his eyes, and Kitty.]

Sir Credule.

But where is that rascal, Simon?

Kitty.

He is gone to hasten the doctor, sir. Oh! here they come. *[Enter Simon, putting on the laced coat.]*

Simon.

I should have been back sooner, sir, but I could not leave the doctor, who is here to wait on you.

Sir Credule.

I don't suppose he wanted your company.

Simon, [in the Scotch accent where it is dotted.]

"I beg pardon, sir; your laddie is a vara learned and polite body." O dear doctor, you do me honour. "Is this the gentleman who is stricken blind?"

Kitty.

Yes, doctor, this is my poor master.

Simon.

"Let him sit there, in that chair. You have applied the water, lassie?" *[Feels his pulse.] Kitty.*

Kitty.

Yes, fir.

Sir Credule.

Won't you look at my eyes, doctor?

Simon.

"The time is na come to tack off the bandage." For heaven's sake, fir, don't touch it. [*Whispering on the other side.*]

Sir Credule.

But yet——

Kitty.

Surely, fir, the doctor knows best.

Simon.

"Yes, yes, I ken my art vara weel." Oh! he is a damned clever fellow, fir.

Kitty.

Simon thinks, doctor, 'tis occasioned by the bite of some insect.

Simon.

"Then Simon is an afs." No more an afs than yourself, doctor.

Sir Credule.

Hold your tongue, you dog.

Simon.

Am I an afs, then, fir? "Sir, you are an info-lent puppy."

Sir Credule.

Out of the room, you rascal.

Kitty.

Go on; it does excellently! [*Aside.*]

Simon.

"To treat the famous Dr. Machumbug with sic indignity!" You may give yourself airs here, fir, before my master; but—"Pray, fir, make the fellow hold his tongue."

D

Sir

Sir Credule.

Knock him down, doctor, if he says another word.

Simon.

Well, well, I'll be silent. "He has ruffled me
" so, that I hardly ken what I'm about. In order
" to find out the cause of your disorder, I must first
" speer a few questions. How ould are you, sir?"

Sir Credule.

Sixty-five last birth-day.

Simon.

"A varaclimacterical period! And your name, sir?"

Sir Credule.

Credule, doctor; I was christened Credule after
my great-grandmother.

Simon.

"Credowl! a vara ill-omen'd name."

Sir Credule.

Indeed!

Simon.

"Credowl! I never ken'd an Owl that was not
" blind in aw my life."

Sir Credule.

Lord have mercy upon us!

Simon.

"And have you not a wambling pain in your sto-
" mach, or a whirligigousticon, as the Greeks call it?"

Sir Credule.

Sometimes I have a wambling; but not the ous-
ticon, I think.

Simon.

"Now spet, sir.—Ah! what a foam! a sure sign
" of an apoplexy in the organ of vision."

Sir Credule.

An apoplexy! and is my life in danger?

Simon.

"Certainly, sir, certainly."

[Enter Miss Di and the Captain, listening.]

Di.

Pray, doctor, how do you find my father?

Simon.

Simon.

"In great danger, miss; the radical humour is quite dry." *Sir Credule.*

I never thought I was so bad.

Simon.

But is there nothing to be done for my master, doctor? [*Pretending to cry.*]

Kitty.

Is there no chance? [*Crying.*]

Simon.

"Yes, there is, though he may not be able to survive the operation. After he has settled his worldly affairs, I will make an electrical experiment."

Sir Credule.

Run immediately, Simon, for old Quirk, my attorney, and tell him to bring my will that is not signed, for I feel now I'm a dead man.

Simon.

Bless me! sir, here's old Quirk just coming in.—Mr. Quirk, I was just going to fetch you. [*Makes a sign to the Capt. to personate old Quirk.*] Write a promise of marriage, and we will make him sign it. [*To the Capt.*].—Here's my old master, all but dead with an apoplexy in the organ of vision, Mr. Quirk. [*Capt. writes at a table while he is speaking like Quirk.*]

Captain.

Alas! my poor old client! and shall I never take another six-and-eight-pence of your money?

Sir Credule.

Heyho!

Captain.

But life is a mere goose-quill: the more we use of it, the worse it grows, and ends in a stump at last.

Sir Credule.

I wish to sign my will, Mr. Quirk.

Captain.

I have luckily got it in my pocket, my dear old client.

D 2

Sir

Sir Credule.

Give me the pen, then, and set my hand a-going. I have just strength to write my name.— You are all witnesses, in case there's any dispute with my heirs.

[*He signs the paper.*]

Kitty.

I hope, sir, you have remembered me.

Simon.

And your faithful man, Simon.

Sir Credule.

No, I have not, but here's my purse at your service.

Simon.

I knew I should get it at last. [*Aside.*] — “ And now, sir, I will give you an electrical shock.”

Di.

Hold, doctor, a moment; let me take leave of my father. Good by, papa; heaven preserve you! adieu! [*Takes the Capt. by the hand, and is going.*]

[*Enter Sceptic.*]

Sceptic.

Adieu! why, where the devil is my brother going?

Simon.

To heaven, I hope, sir.

Sceptic.

I don't believe a word of it.

Simon.

I wish you at hell with all my soul. [*Aside.*]

Sceptic.

What's the matter with you, brother Credule?— have you got the head-ache?

Sir Credule.

Oh! brother Sceptic, I'm a dead man!

Sceptic.

I don't believe a word of it; but, if you were, I should not be surprised. Why, you have as much linen about you as an Egyptian mummy.

Sir Credule.

I have an apoplexy in my eyes, and am going to be electrified.

Sceptic.

Sceptic.

Electrified! Nonsense!

Sir Credule.

Electricity and medical music are now the only recipes for such disorders.

Sceptic.

Electricity and music! Why, the doctors have as many fashions in their physic as in their wigs. I wonder where they will go next, for they have exhausted all the elements.

Sir Credule.

How so, brother Sceptic?

Sceptic.

Some years ago, they sent every one to drink or bathe in all the stinking waters in Europe: then nothing would go down but your Spas or your Dominicettis.

Sir Credule.

Excellent things for the scurvy.

Sceptic.

Not a bit of it; for, when they were out of fashion, (I suppose all the springs were dry,) what did the doctors do, but fill every one with artificial air?

Sir Credule.

And what is better than change of air?

Sceptic.

And so, when the natural, proper, wholesome, air, sent us from heaven, failed to restore a broken constitution, they pretended to do it by air of their own making, and be hanged to them.

Sir Credule.

And was not I cured of my asthma by it? And now, when I am electrified —

Sceptic.

There again! Now water and air must be laid aside, and nothing will do but fire. Zounds! if I were the legislature, I'd make it felony to fire any of his majesty's subjects. Hell and the devil! what a sight it will be, to see people waddling about the streets, fired, like so many hackney-coach-horses!

Di.

Di.

But your argument is not good yet, uncle. You said the doctors had exhausted all the elements: we have heard enough about water, air, and fire, but nothing about earth. *Sceptic.*

That, niece, is the doctor's constant remedy; — for, when all others fail, they put their patients into the ground, and that cures them of every disorder.

Sir Credule.

For shame! brother Sceptic; don't be so severe. 'Tis very wrong to insult a doctor to his face.

Sceptic.

His face! where the devil is it?

Simon.

He stepped out just as you came in, sir.

Sceptic.

I don't believe a word of it. And who are you, sir?

Simon.

Simon, sir, at your service.

Sceptic.

Dressed up in a laced coat! What is all this, brother Credule? are you imposed upon, or are you playing at blindman's buff?

Sir Credule.

I must say, I never knew a doctor go away before without his fee. But ask old Quirk, for you won't believe me.

Sceptic.

Old Quirk! why, he died last night, and I came to tell you the news.

Sir Credule.

He was here just now, as I'm a living sinner.

Sceptic.

Then you are imposed upon, brother, as I said before, with your doctors and your Quirks. — And, pray, sir, who are you? [*To the Captain.*]

Captain.

My name is Nightshade, sir: I'm an officer in the army,

Sir

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

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Sir Credule.

O the devil! I believe I am imposed on, if he's here.

Sceptic.

I'm sure of that, brother, and that your apoplexy is in your understanding, and nothing else, by the Lord Harry.

Sir Credule.

I'm afraid so too; so take off my bandage, and let me see whether I am blind or not. Seeing is believing, to be sure.

[*Sceptic takes off the bandages: Simon and Kitty, Miss Di and the Captain, stand looking at each other on opposite sides.*]

Sir Credule.

Now are not you a set of vile impostors?

Sceptic.

No, brother, 'tis you that are the impostor, and not yourself five minutes together. Ah! brother Credule, brother Credule, how often have I told you not to believe a word anybody says to you?

Sir Credule.

But who would have thought a man could not believe his own eyes? How dare you, Di —

Di.

Indeed, papa, I'm not to blame.

Kitty.

Indeed, sir, the whole was contrived by me and Simon, and an opportunity.

Simon.

Yes, sir, love and opportunity.

Sceptic.

Don't believe a word of it.

Sir Credule.

How, you rascal?

Kitty.

Captain Nighthshade, sir, quite against our consent I assure you, sir, came into the room where you were asleep.

Simon.

32 SEEING IS BELIEVING.

Simon.

And, that you might not see him and Miss Di together,——

Kitty.

We shut the windows.

Simon.

On waking, you fancied yourself blind.——

Kitty.

We durst not contradict you.——

Simon.

So things took their own course, till, instead of your will, you have signed a consent for the captain to marry Miss Di. That's all, sir, and the whole truth, I assure you.

Captain.

'Tis indeed, sir; and I hope my future conduct will not give you reason to repent the involuntary favour you have done me. I'm a gentleman and a soldier, and nothing but love and honourable intentions would have made me condescend to deceive any one.

Sceptic.

Deceit with an honourable intention! I don't believe a word of it.

Sir Credule.

Yes, I see how 'tis. I've been more blind in opposing a girl's affections than you made me by all your bandages. However, with my sight I have recovered my reason.

Sceptic.

I don't believe a word of it.

Sir Credule.

But I'll convince you. I'll ratify what I have signed. There; I wish you happy, my children.— But, if ever you cease to feel that love which you now think will last for ever, I advise you to put on that bandage, which I have just pulled off, and wear it for my sake.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

T H E E N D.

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